

*H. P. Burdett*

THE  
PRISONER:

MUSICAL ROMANCE,

IN  
THREE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED BY  
HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY

FROM THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

AT THE  
KING'S THEATRE, HAY-MARKET,

On Thursday, October 18th,

1792.

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[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]



MARCO  
BERNARDI  
PASQUALE  
ROBERTO  
LEWIS  
NARCISO

CLARA  
THERESA  
NINA  
JULIA

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## MEN.

|          |   |   |               |                   |
|----------|---|---|---------------|-------------------|
| MARCOS   | — | — | Mr. KELLY,    | <i>Sinclair</i>   |
| BERNARDO | — | — | Mr. DIGNUM,   | <i>Inledon</i>    |
| PASQUAL  | — | — | Mr. SEDGWICK, | <i>Slader</i>     |
| ROBERTO  | — | — | Mr. SUETT,    | <i>Liston</i>     |
| LEWIS    | — | — | Mr. WEWITZER, | <i>Farr</i>       |
| NARCISSE | — | — | Master WALSH. | <i>Mattews</i>    |
|          |   |   |               | <i>Broadhurst</i> |

## WOMEN.

|         |   |   |               |                    |
|---------|---|---|---------------|--------------------|
| CLARA   | — | — | Mrs. CROUCH,  | <i>Mr B.</i>       |
| THERESA | — | — | Miss DE CAMP, |                    |
| NINA    | — | — | Mrs. BLAND,   | <i>Miss Kennel</i> |
| JULIANA | — | — | Miss MENAGE.  | <i>Miss Carey</i>  |

## CHORUS OF SOLDIERS

Messrs. Fawcett, Phillimore, Danby, Maddocks,  
Cook, Lyons, Alfred, Aylmer; Dorion,  
Dorion, Jun. &c. &c.

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THE Author cannot permit an Opera  
to be printed depending so much upon  
the Performers, without expressing him-  
self highly obliged by their exertions,  
which, together with the advice and in-  
defatigable attention of Mr. Kemble,  
could alone ensure that uncommon suc-  
cess it has met with.

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THE  
PRISONER.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—BERNARDO'S *Tent pitched in the centre of others in an open country.*

*Two Centinels on Guard.*

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*Enter BERNARDO, PASQUAL, and Soldiers.*

BERNARDO

THE friends of Marcos, I know, have raised this sedition; but our soldiers are in spirits, our numbers treble that of these mutinous slaves, who shrink from an open engagement.—Yet all is not well here---(*Striking his breast*)---Pasqual, you have seen Clara, the sister of my prisoner, Don Marcos—Is she not beautiful?

B

PASQ.

PASQ. You forget, I never saw her. It was my fortune, when you knew her first, to be detach-  
ed against the Indians. But Marcos——

BER. Ay, this Marcos, this brother, through an ancient feud, as idle as it was fierce, denied her to me; but—Fate, I thank you! a short time since, placed him in my power, and now I grasp the golden opportunity of vengeance.

PASQ. But, if your passion be so violent, why not release Don Marcos? Can the affections of a sister be gained by a brother's confinement?

BER. Her affections are my own:—Nay, do not think I flatter myself; for her cheek often blush'd the intelligence, her lip was too reserv'd to avow.

A I R. BERNARDO.

Whene'er she bade me cease to plead,  
Her breast wou'd gently heave,  
And prov'd her lip beguil'd a heart  
Ill-practis'd to deceive.  
As swelling waves that seem inclin'd,  
To greet the shores they leave behind.

PASQ. Pardon me, Bernardo; but to imprison a man of his rank, not taken in arms, but accidentally separated, with a single servant, from a peaceful train of hunters---

BER. Pasqual, no more.—Has he not torn my Clara from me? Nay, I doubt not but his malice to me has destroy'd her.—Two long years, I have pass'd in misery, and he in chains, in that dungeon, from which none were ever yet delivered

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livered but by death. By heaven, the torments he has heap'd on me, shall fall with double force on him; and by to-morrow noon his blood shall satiate my revenge.

PASQ. Oh! confider, Sir.—

BER. No more, but to your post—See the centinels be vigilant—You cannot judge for a lover, because you feel not the agonies of love.

PASQ. Since I lost my Augustina, love has been a stranger to me—War is my mistress now—Remembrance, indeed, still places her before me in the battle, points out the path of honour, and urges me to victory.

A I R. PASQUAL.

(Mozart.)

Where the banners of glory are streaming,  
Her image still lingers above;  
And her eyes seem all terribly gleaming,  
Which glow'd but with transports of love.

Deeds of arms my soul inspire  
As the battling thunders roll,  
She and Fame my bosom fire,  
And to conquest light my soul:  
And 'mid slaughter madly wounding,  
Heroes dying, groans resounding,

Armour clashing;  
Light'ning flashing,  
Angel-pinion'd, o'er her lover  
With protecting wing she'll hover;  
Valour's genius—Memory's pleasure,  
Guardian of life's sacred treasure.

What

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What can check the foldier's course,  
 Who, where war delights to rove,  
 Strikes with more than mortal force,  
 Urg'd by fame, impell'd by love?

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*Another part of the country.**Enter CLARA.*

CLARA. Oh ! Clara ! Clara ! what hast thou done ?  
 Engag'd beyond retreat, my heart now begins  
 to shrink. Yet coward as fear would make me,  
 I would not forego my purpose to be the mis-  
 tress of the world. My Nina, the companion  
 of my flight, the sharer of my danger, my faith-  
 ful confidante, where can she delay ?

*Enter NINA.*

Oh ! Nina.

NINA. Dear, dear madam—When I went to en-  
 list, they brought a fife to measure me by, and  
 swore I wasn't tall enough by a stop and a half.

CLARA. Then you cannot rank in our company ?

NINA. Yes, but I can though—For seeing a drum,  
 I ran to it, and beat so eloquent a rub-a-dub—  
 did not you hear it ma'am ? that they listed me  
 immediately.

CLARA. Can you beat a drum ?

NINA. My dear madam, what a question—It's  
 woman's talent, you know, to set folks together  
 by



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by the ears, and if they cannot do it by one instrument, the tongue, they'll soon find out another I warrant me. Methinks I cou'd fight like a hero.

A I R. NINA.

How charming a camp is, where soldiers late and early,  
With hair so tightly trimm'd up, and powder'd so fine,  
March, shoulder, present; while the serjeant so furly,  
Drills the young recruits in the rear of the line.  
To a DUB-A-DUB—while so merry,  
Beats the drummer—DUB-A-DUB.

Tho' bluff they look and fierce, that no lions sure are  
bolder,  
Yet the damsels don't fear 'em—nay one as I live  
Came and ask'd me to give her my heart—but I told her,  
My heart was bespoke, and I'd nothing else to give,  
But DUB-A-DUB—ever merry,  
Beats the drummer—DUB-A-DUB.

CLARA. I thought myself the better foldier, Nina,  
but you seem to have brac'd your courage like  
your drum, to the true tone of valour.

NINA. That's a bad simile, madam, for my drum  
would take a beating better than me, I assure you.  
But what do you propose by our turning soldiers.

CLA. To learn if possible something certain of my  
brother Marcos. Report says, that he is kept by  
Bernardo as a hostage for me, and, shall I confess,  
I long to see my Bernardo himself.

NINA

NINA. What to see the man, who——

CLA. I know what you wou'd urge—but if Marcos is detain'd, does not the refusal of my hand unjustifiable, and unprovok'd, a little excuse a lovers caution.

NINA. Oh ! to be sure ; what pretty Casuists we women are : if a man were to commit as many faults, and stick to 'em, as he swears oaths, and breaks 'em, let him but plead love in his excuse, and there is not a woman of us all but wou'd forgive the wicked devil, and admire him too. —But have you not heard from Bernardo since your brother disappear'd ?

CLARA. Never !—Secur'd by my brother's order in a remote Province, there was no possibility of intercourse—there I met with you, plann'd our escape, reach'd this spot—and now, by good fortune, we are both admitted into Bernardo's own regiment.

NINA. Don't you fear he has forgot you?—Ah ! Madam Clara; constant interchange of protestations on one side, and sheepish smiles on the other, serve to keep the torch of love alight—but absence is a downright extinguisher, it puts it quite out—and though he might notice you a little in petticoats, la ! what admiration can you expect from him now ?

CLARA.

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CLA. I expect nothing—let me but see him, watch round his tent, live near his person—Fight—Die for him.—

NINA. Why, ma'am, you're like that fool Carlos of our village, who really did die for love.

CLA. Ah! poor fellow!—

### A I R. CLARA.

Young Carlos sued a beauteous maid,  
On her his happiness staking;  
She frown'd upon his love—he sigh'd  
“ Ah me! my heart is breaking.”

She took a swain of large domains,  
His humble love forsaking;  
He thought her happy, and he smil'd,  
Although his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,  
She found, with anguish aching;  
He sunk,—and gave her such a look,  
Just as his heart was breaking.

[Exit.

NINA. (*returning*) Lud a mercy I've forgot my drum.

[Exit.

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### SCENE III.—*An Apartment in BERNARDO's House.*

#### *Enter* THERESA.

THE. How unhappy is my fate, thus to adore a man I saw but once, and he brought into my presence to be dragg'd to a dungeon—But his virtues were the theme of every tongue! Oh Marcos!

Marcos ! Marcos !—He is unfortunately my Brother's victim, who more than suspects my regard for him, and I dare not even speak in his behalf—here come my little favourites, the Jailor's children.

*Enter JULIANA and NARCISSE.*

What, my little loves—and how is your prisoner?

NAR. Oh, Madam ! my father sent us out for some bread and water for him ; but we have sad news.

JUL. I said as we came along, that it would almost break madam Theresa's heart.

THE. What news can be worse than confinement.

NAR. Why, as we came out a warrant was sent for——

THE. Death !

NAR. Yes, ma'am, to-morrow morning—and so we cried—and scolded the ugly fellows that brought it—and then we look'd thro' the grate as the news was deliver'd to him——

THE. And how did he seem ?

JUL. He lifted up his hands madam, fetch'd a deep sigh, and cry'd, “ Then farewell Theresa ”—but he didn't say one word about himself.

NAR. I'm sure I shou'd have thought of nobody else.

THE. So sudden—then must I try to work these children



children to my wishes—'tis the last resource.—Well my sweet ones, you pity him I'm sure.

JUL. That we do—and the more because you love him, and we love *you*, and pity you know is the play-fellow of love.

THE. I love him child! who told you so?

JUL. Your eyes, Madam.

THE. What so young, and skill'd in their language. I pity him from my soul, and wou'd sacrifice my life to serve him.

JUL. Ay, you'd say so indeed if you were to see him, as we have sometimes, when father has tippled a little.

THE. Well!

JUL. And then we watch'd our opportunity to carry him some of the fruit our Godmother gave us, and now and then slip your bits of paper into his hand.

NAR. And then he wou'd look so piteously—that I wish'd he had his liberty.

A I R. NARCISSE.

Tears that exhale from the springs of good nature,  
Fall like the dew-drop on sympathy's breast;  
Wishes reviving bloom with fresh beauty,  
And in gay colours are gaudily drest.

Yet when I think on the danger that threatens,  
Fear blights my bosom with doubt and dismay,  
Fond expectation all cheerless and languid,  
Droops! drops its blossom, and withers away!

C

THE.

THE. Kind Narcisso!—and do you wish he had his liberty, Juliana ?

JUL. Yes, that I do—I would not for the world have you see him rise from the ground with such a weight of chains—his face so pale—his eyes so heavy——

NAR. His beard so long.

JUL. And yet he look'd so handsome ?

THE. If indeed you feel what you pretend, and are as good as you are pretty, you would do more than wish him liberty.

JUL. I am sure I will do any thing.

NAR. And I too.

THE. And I'll reward you richly.

JUL. To serve you and him will be reward enough for me ; for an't you both in love, and you know I may be in love sometime or other, and want somebody's assistance.

THE. Well, then, I will trust you.

JUL. I'm quite impatient.

THE. Your father——

NAR. Well——

THE. Takes sometimes——

JUL. A little too much wine.

THE. You are quite a prophetess—Now, when he is asleep after dinner, cou'dn't you contrive to——

JUL.

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JUL. Get his keys from him?

NAR. Lord, sister, how quick you are at guessing.

THE. If it succeed, 'twill save two lives.

NAR. Will you venture, Juli.

JUL. That I will, if it were only for Marcos's sake.

NAR. And I, if it were only for madam Theresa's.

THE. Then we shall all be happy—I shall leave the plan to you, Juliana, you are so discerning; and you, Narcisso, will not fail in the execution, I'm sure; it's a man's province, you know, to be daring. And now, Juliana, cou'dn't you contrive to see him quickly—give him this letter, and——

*Enter BERNARDO.*

BER. Who are these Theresa? What is that paper?

JUL. Nothing, Sir, but---but---but---a song I was repeating to the lady, Sir,—and she don't like it.

BER. Let me see it?

JUL. That I'm sure you shan't—I'd tear it in a thousand pieces first; (*tearing the letter*) for you are a judge of verses, perhaps, and shan't laugh at my composition.

BER. You seem an arch poetess indeed.—But follow me, Theresa, I have business of yours, I'm  
C 3 call'd

call'd to my tent, and wish to consult with you  
Come. [Exit.

JUL. Don't be angry now at my tearing the letter  
—See, it is but in two or three pieces, and I'll  
warrant me he'll make shift to read it.

THE. Be faithful!

JUL. Be happy then.

T R I O.

THERESA, JULIANA, NARCISSE.

THE. And will you sooth my anguish? [to Jul.

JUL. Oh! think us ever true:

THE. And will you brave the danger? [to Nar.

NAR. I fear not but for you!

THE. Mercy's an angel's virtue;

NAR. It shines so bright in you:

THE. Ah! sooth 'my bosom's anguish;

JUL. Be happy as we're true!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*An open Country*

*Enter CLARA and NINA.*

NINA. Oh! my dear, dear madam; and yet it  
grieves me to tell you.

CLA. Tell me what?

NINA. What it will grieve you to know, madam  
—But, Bernardo and a lady—

CLA. I'm all impatience—has he a mistress?—Is  
she



the charming—Is she belov'd?—Happy woman!  
But tell me Nina.

NINA. Truth must out tho' my heart bleeds for  
it—As I stood near Bernardo's door—he ad-  
vanc'd with a woman—a sweet—beautiful—

CLA. Forget her perfections.

NINA. Well, madam, he press'd her in his arms,  
call'd her——

CLA. What?

NINA. Your earnestness frightens me so, I, I, I  
can't remember.

CLA. Where are my hopes, my peace, the fond  
visionary happiness my folly rais'd?

NINA. Ah! that's the way they all serve us, ma-  
dam.

CLA. I shall be station'd near his tent—his fen-  
try—his guard—Oh my heart—shou'd he caress  
—embrace her in my presence—protect me  
Heaven! yes—she dies.—Shall she be blest—  
and I—She, alas! is innocent—but I am wild  
with torture—she dies.

NINA. Mercy on me!

CLA. The resolution fires me.

NINA. Oh lud! I—I am afraid madam—

CLA. Afraid of what?

NINA. Why of—of myself—that's all.

CLA. You won't betray me—a secret dropt by  
chance into the bosom of friendship, shou'd be as  
hallow'd

## THE PRISONER.

hallow'd, as if lodg'd thereby confidence—But  
I lose the moments of vengeance—I am wild  
with apprehension, with terror, with revenge!

## A I R. CLARA,

Come from Horror's dreary cell,  
Where Jealousy delights to dwell—  
Come, fell Revenge, that never sleeps,—  
Revenge her fang in mortal poison sleeps,  
And madly laughs and weeps,  
And smiles at rival's pangs, and acts the deeds of hell,  
Come, thou that art above controul,  
Rouse my vast purpose—fill my madden'd soul!

[*Exeunt,*

END OF THE FIRST ACT,

THE PRISONER.

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A C T II.

SCENE I.—*One side of it represents LEWIS's Room;  
the other, the Dungeon in which MARCOS is confined.*

---

A I R. MARCOS.

Despair around my head  
Its horror flings,  
My wish to live no longer clings.  
All hope is fled,  
And in its stead,  
Misery flaps it's raven wings.

*Enter JULIANA, NARCISSE and ROBERTO, with  
a basket of Wine in flasks.*

JUL. There my good fellow, set down the wine.

ROB. Yes, yes, my master is certainly here.

JUL. And here is something for yourself.

ROB. Thank you ; but I'm well paid in being employ'd by so sweet, so charming, so kind a——  
Why lord, you have good-nature in your countenance, it is written in large letters.

JUL. Lord, Sir !

ROB. Pray now, may I be so bold as—Pray, I say, hav'n't you a prisoner that——

NAR.

NAR. Sure, sifter he must mean the gentleman.

ROB. Yes—I mean the gentleman.

NAR. Marcos?

ROB. O yes—that's he.

JUL. Do you know him then?

ROB. Oh yes, very well—that is—no, no, I don't mean very well indeed—I, I, don't know him at all. What a blunder had I like to have made!

*afide.*

*Enter LEWIS half drunk.*

LEWIS. Shildren!—hah! vat you got—Vin, bien—Who ish dat?

ROB. Oh lord! Oh lord! I only waited to draw the corks, and all that.

LEWIS. You be de rogue, and all dat. We draw draw dem ourselves—Ecoute—Vanish—Retire—Give de bottels.

*[The Children put the bottles on the table.]*

ROB. (*Aside*) As I can't see my master, I will go to his friends—they may, perhaps, effect his escape; if not, I shall have nothing to do but to find out my little Nina, and be comfortably unhappy all the rest of my life.

LEWIS. Allez-vous-en.

*[Exit Roberto.]*

JUL. We kept him, papa, for fear some of the wine might not be good—it wou'd be pity to have your relish spoilt.

LEWIS.



LEWIS. Dat is very good girl! Ma foi, de hot fun make me sleepy.

NAR. Oh dear papa—shan't we take the poor gentleman his hard-fare.

LEWIS. Hard-fare?—Bread and vater is ver good fare for de prisonier.

JUL. Here is the bread and water ready—shall I take it in?

NAR. No Sister, you went last—let me take it.

JUL. Then we'll both go, I'm determin'd.

*As Lewis opens the door, Juliana conveys a flask of wine under her frock; when she and Narcisso go into the dungeon—Lewis shuts the door of his own room, while Narcisso puts down the bread and water for Marcos; Juliana gives him the wine, and Theresa's letter which he kisses—the children make signs to Marcos to be silent, and return.—Lewis fastens the bolts and locks the door then places the table directly before it, and sitting down counts the bottles.*

LEWIS. Here, put de table, von, two, tree, four, five—ha! ver is toder.

JUL. The other.

NAR. What other?

JUL. Oh! the other? Why Narcisso, you had better tell the truth—aye, aye—we'll tell the truth.

NAR. Yes, but you won't be angry—will you papa?—Sister Juliana took it, and—

D

JUL.

JUL. And broke it—in—in—in lifting it down from the man's head.

LEWIS. Ah! you littel baggage, here, here.—

*[They put three of the five flasks on a shelf and take down two cups.]*

dat is very bad way to crack de bottel wid any body. Come, come, fill me de bumper.

NAR. Take this.

JUL. Nay, take mine papa, or I shan't think you have forgiven me.

LEWIS. You are both de two coaxers—here is you von—two—good healt.

NAR. Ah! how I do wish to take the poor gentleman a glafs.

LEWIS. De gentilhomme inteed—de prisonier—bread and vater ver good for prisonier—Here is his health.—Monsieur le prisonier, a votre santé ha! ha—ma foi—how de prison go rond and rond—

JUL. Lord how you do joke. You have forgot poor Juliana.

LEWIS. Julia—ma chere Juliana.

NAR. And poor Narcisso.

LEWIS. Eh! my good boy.

*He falling asleep, Juliana makes signs to Narcisso to take his keys, in attempting to steal them Narcisso disturbs him.*

LEWIS. Ha! vat you say, mes enfans?

*Lewis*

*Lewis recomposes himself, and they cautiously take the keys—but find it difficult even to see the padlock—at last Juliana gets under the table, and Narcisso on the top of it.—She lifts up the padlock, and He unlocks it.—(Lewis yawns as if waking)—the children start, and remain for a while motionless with terror and affright;—they then push back the bolts, open the door gently, and skim lightly to release the Pris'ner, who by signs learns their kindness—but after all they find him chain'd to the floor, and fasten'd by a lock they have not the key of.*

*Narcisso holds the lock ready, while Juliana on tip toe—traces back to her father to search his pockets—at last she gets a key which proves the right. Marcos disengages himself from his chains, the children creep back under the table, and he steps to get over it. When he is standing with Lewis', head immediately between his feet; Lewis stretches in such a manner as to hinder him from either proceeding or retreating. Lewis yawns and drops on the table fast asleep again; when Marcos leaps down, kisses the children and escapes with them from his confinement.*

LEWIS. (*Disturbed.*) Ah ! vat noise is dat—Ha ! mes enfans !—Ou est le prisonjer ?—Ah, je suis perdu —

*Enter BERNARDO, PASQUAL and Soldiers.*

BER. Jailor, bring forth your prisoner.

LEWIS. —He is gone forth.

BER. Marcos escaped—death to my hopes ! Seize him !

LEWIS. Pardonez moi, je suis innocent.—

BER. Away with him ! (*Soldiers drag Lewis away.*)

way.) Marcos escaped! he will instantly put himself at the head of the seditious Slaves—To arms! to arms!

## CHORUS.

Sound alarms! Sound alarms!  
Amid the shades of Night,  
Let war-fires flash a blaze of light,  
While Victory strides before you:  
Since for Life and for Freedom we fight,  
Let the soul beat to arms,  
And the word be—" *Death or Glory!*"

THE END OF ACT THE SECOND.



## A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

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*Enter* MARCOS, ROBERTO, *and* *Slaves.*

MAR. Welcome once more long wished for liberty—Now, Bernardo, shalt thou feel my vengeance.—Is every thing prepar'd?

ROB. All, all, Sir.

MAR. Are the slaves determined to be faithful?

ROB. Yes, yes, they swore to be faithful till they were black in the face!

MAR. Haste, Roberto, and bring up the stragglers——

[*Exit Roberto.*]

And now for death or victory!

A I R. MARCOS.

Goddeſs of Liberty, my ſoul inſpire,

Light up the glowing flame

At Virtue's ſacred fire.

Genius of domeſtic joy—Cherub of Fame—

Love

## THE PRISONER.

Love the while,  
 With many a dimpled smile,  
 My eager hope shall raise;  
 And with his busy torch augment the blaze;  
 Proclaiming thro' valley, o'er hill, and thro' grove,  
 The grave of war is the cradle of love!

[*Excunt* MARCOS and SLAVES.

*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

---

## SCENE II.

*A Charge, and clashing of swords.*

CLARA on guard before BERNARDO's tent.

CLA. The assault is violent—This is my post—  
 —Now Bernardo—now my heart bleeds for  
 you; yet so desperate are my feelings, they will  
 not brook a rival. Should he be wounded—  
 That thought distracts me—— [Flourish  
 Oh no—he comes, but not to me—With what  
 joy he flies, but not to me—How his eyes glisten  
 —but not for me.

*Enter* BERNARDO and THERESA.

THE. Art thou then safe, Bernardo?

BER. My dearest Theresa. [Embracing.

*Enter* PASQUAL NINA and Soldiers—Flourish.

CLA. 'Tis insupportable—Then let my rival die!

PASQ. Hold! hold thy hand, thou murderer!

BER. Whence this outrage?

CLA. Then farewell all!

PASQ. Theresa's life——.

BER.

BER. Speak—Why was your malice aim'd against a woman; a woman who never cou'd have wrong'd you?

PASQ. But for the well tim'd intelligence of this Drummer——

NINA. She, Sir—that is—no—I, Sir. Oh! dear ma'am, pardon.

CLARA. (*aside to Nina*) You have betray'd me once, I perceive. Now leave me to my fortune ---I shall die happy if my secret dies with me.

BER. See that you guard him closely; we have more prisoners. Now, sister, Marcos, is again my captive.

THE. Oh, Sir, release him, if you wou'd not kill a sister.

BER. Bring in the prisoners. *Flourish.*

*Enter Prisoners, guarded.*

She loves him; it is as I suspected---I feel too much from love myself, not to pity the miseries of others---Oh Clara! Clara! You shall be his judge yourself, Therefa.

*Enter MARCOS and ROBERTO, guarded.*

THE. Oh! Marcos.

CLARA. My brother!

NINA. And my Roberto, as I hope to be married.

BER. Was it well, Marcos, to lead a band of rebels ---Slaves, who fled on the first onset, and deserted their leader?

MAR.

MAR. Wave your reproaches---I know my doom  
---Words are but doubling torture.

BER. Nay, Marcos, fear not my severity. Persuade the rash men under your command to new allegiance, and to them I give a general pardon. Theresa shall be your judge—she loves you---her sentence will be light. Nay, wave your acknowledgments, or, if your sister Clara lives, let her pay them for you.

NINA. Nay, then, I will speak upon my soul, ma'am. I'll tell you all, gentlemen; indeed I will---and, first, I am---but don't look at me---I am a woman.

ALL. A woman!

ROB. My Nina, as I hope to be a general.

NINA. How d'ye do, Roberto, how d'ye do?

BER. What is't you say? A woman?

NINA. I am indeed---Roberto knows it's true---don't you, Roberto?

MAR. Relate your story!

NINA. I will speak! My mistress, there—

ALL. Mistress!

NINA. The sister of Don Marcos, that very Clara, whom——

MAR. Clara!

CLA. Hold! Bernardo, I do not blush to own a passion for you—I follow'd you to the camp—to——

NINA.



THE PRISONER.

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NINA. Yes, Sir, to guard—to protect—to die for you! Those were her very words.

CLA. I watch'd your footsteps—discover'd a rival, jealousy rous'd my frenzy—I saw your transports for another, and aim'd revenge against your—

BER. Against my sister.

CLA. Oh Bernardo!—too late I know it—but let me hide my shame and grief—Some neighbouring convent—

BER. No, hide them in my heart—

MAR. Now indeed I'm happy—A sister for a sister.

CLA. My dearest brother *(They retire.)*

NINA. Ah Roberto! what do you say now to the little drummer, who has released you?

ROB. Why I am not so eloquent as my betters, for love and gratitude, have choak'd me so, that I can't say a word.

NINA. But will you never leave poor Nina again? will you be kind and constant, and shall we live together?

ROB. For ever, and ever, Amen!—So let's think of nothing now but happiness and one another.

DUETT.

E

## THE PRISONER.

## DUETT.

NINA and ROBERTO.

NINA.

Let us brisk and merry be,  
Ever fond and ever free.

ROBERTO.

Fond and free your swain shall be,  
Full of love and full of glee.

BOTH.

Dance and sing as hymen bids ;  
Happy as two wanton kids.  
Dance and sing, &c.

MAR. This has prov'd a happy day indeed—My  
honest Roberto, and his faithful Nina, shall share  
in our felicity.

*Enter* NARCISSE and JULIANA.

NAR. and JUL. Oh, madam, madam, my poor  
father!—

BER. Dismiss yours fear, my children, he is par-  
doned.

MAR. My lovely deliverers!—How could we have  
been enemies so long? henceforth our contest  
shall be only that of love and friendship.

FINALE.

THE PRISONER.

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FINALE.

NARCISSO and JULIANA.

Good humour, peace and glee return,  
Let each enjoy the rising bliss;  
And brushing up his ruby lips,  
Prepare alike to sip and kiss.

CHORUS.

Good humour smiles as rage subsides,  
And in it's lustr'd radiance proud;  
Diffuses rays of social love,  
As summer suns succeed a Cloud.

CLARA and BERNARDO.

In varied colours memory glows,  
Of Dangers past and raptures new;  
As deepen'd tints of Crimson dye,  
Bestreak the Tulip's silver hue

CHORUS.

Good humour, &c.

MARCOS and THERESA.

MARCOS.

Henceforth, no fear nor dread shall threat  
No tumult pleasure's course arrest;

ROB.

## THE PRISONER.

ROBERTO and NINA.

But each dispute shall haply close,  
 With who loves most, and who loves best.

## CHORUS.

Good humour smiles as rage subides,  
 And in it's lusted radiance proud;  
 Diffuses rays of social love,  
 As summer suns succeed a Cloud.

FINIS.

